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Azoth



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Chapter 1 by Magnolia

I don't know what happened. First, I was giving my father's orders to General Carder, then I'm looking at a wall of bricks. I felt my hand gripping at nothing but air. I still felt the heaviness of my jacket, but my sword was no where to be found. I had trouble thinking and I felt an emptiness that I was so used to having my Azoth fill. I tried to, but no matter how hard I focused, I could not channel my Azoth to my full potential; I barely felt it at all. Looking around I saw a metal gate with many lights at the end of it.

Tensing my muscles I slowly walked to the gate. I wasn't quite sure how to describe what I saw. I could only think that it was a large town, but none that I had ever seen before. There were large buildings- larger than any cathedral ever built in Praecantero-, and fast moving things that were almost like carriages, but without any horses. They had people inside of them and people walking around the city in all different ways. These people were nothing like I had seen before. They were indeed like my people, but they lacked Azoth completely. I didn't see a single mage, knight, or noble. I opened the gate with a slow creek.

Chapter 2 by Hunk Strongthighs



I didn't know what to do. I stood there, confused and took a deep breath. I turned around and ran nose up around the city and saw a new building. It was a tall, thin tower with a small entrance. I told myself that it would be the best place to go. I ran towards it and saw that it was a castle. I ran up the stairs and saw that it was a small room with a bed and a window. I sat down on the bed and signed on the side of those giant horseless carriages that carried many, many people. There I was so busy taking

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in my surroundings that I was almost hit by one of the smaller, horseless carriages that were zipping about, honking and screaming at each other. The man inside yelled something about 'a weird medival reenactor scratching his new model T' out the window, but he was quickly shut up when his apparently brand new model T ran into a group of pedestrians.

Served him right.

I looked at the wreckage and the blood and then, after contemplating whether to help or not, turned around and gazed at the great green lady on the bay, because this was a new, exciting world and I didn't have time to help.

Surely they had healing mages here?

The screams of pain quickly got to the point of annoying, and so I turned my heel and walked down the street.

Time to explore a little!

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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